Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. : : : MISSOURI.

DON'T DESPISE THE BOYS.

Don't plague the bashful country boy
Who looks with awe upon you now;
His clothes are poor and he is coy,
And tangles up his legs somehow
So that he stumbles awkardly
In making way for you—but he
So guileless now, so poorly dressed,
May hide away down in his breast
A Lincoln's heart, or be possessed
Of wishes such as Garfield had
To stand where but the greatest may—
Don't laugh out at the country lad
Who passes awkwardly to-day.

Don't spurn the poor boy in the street
Who tries to pass and jostle you;
The shoes are ragged on his feet,
His trousers may be tattered, too.
With grimy hands and tangled hair;
He dodges here and hurries there,
Too little for his years, but still
Deep in his breast may be the will
That spurned Carnegie up the hill.
Forgive the child who sometimes dares
To play a little on his way;
Down in the busy thoroughfares
Are boys the world will know some day.

Oh, country boy, I lift my hat
In humble deference to you;
Oh, little worker in the street,
Clad in your soiled and tattered blue,
With awe I watch you as you pass—
I might cry "Bravo!" if I knew,
Oh, ragged, tired, awkward boy,
What things God sent you here to do.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

The Philosopher in the Fog.

THE Philosopher spread himself with an air of singular cheerfulness as he breasted the fog. The conditions surrounding him were precisely of a character to furnish a very satisfactory test of the philosophy of which it was his boast to profess, and the discomfort of the moment affected him only in so far as it enabled him to rise superior to it. He moved through an opaque, yellow-white world of impenetrable mystery. He was conscious of others moving in the same world—with, it may be, less satisfaction, if he might judge from certain detached exclamatory sounds which from time to time rose up out of the encircling darkness. Palpable though invisible objects passed and repassed him at every conceivable angle, cannoning up against each other with aggressive stupidity, and not infrequently cannoning up against himself, as he steered his way in what he imagined to be a straight line along a straight pavement.

The pavement—as he remembered it almost from his childhood up—was certainly straight, and ran from St. James' past the National Gallery, which made it the more surprising when a few yards further on, the Philosopher fell over a curbstone in the middle of the road into the arms of a policeman.

"Trafalgar square, I conceive?" said the Philosopher blandly as he readjusted his hat.

"Piccadilly Circus," said the policeman gruffly.

"Dear me! you don't mean it?" rejoined the Philosopher. "That accounts for my having collided with so many substantial shades during the last few minutes. I appear to have lost to an extent my sense of direction."

"You ain't the fust," said the policeman, in a tone of encouragement. "If you go on long enough you will come somewhere."

This remark contained so evident a germ of philosophy that it tickled the Philosopher into an appreciative chuckle.

"So might Epictetus have spoken!" he exclaimed, gleefully. "I perceive you to be a student of Truth, my friend! Good evening," and he continued his way with an uncertain but complacent gait. He was brought up very shortly by the unexpected propinquity of a horse.

"Sir, you are on the pavement!" remonstrated the Philosopher.

"You're on the road, more like!" retorted a voice, presumably belonging to a phantom driver up in the air. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"I was about to address the same inquiry to you," replied the Philosopher, "coupled with a request that you should drive me somewhere else."

"Drive you—not I, sir!" the voice returned. "I've signed a contract with the fog to remain on this 'ere spot till morning."

"That contract would appear to have many signatories," remarked the Philosopher, as he walked into a stationary omnibus. "The man was right—I am no longer on the pavement."

From time to time the Philosopher paused in his progress to add his vocal comments to the sum of the echoing human sounds around him; it engaged his fancy pleasantly to address his brother phantoms in a spirit of agreeable camaraderie, as their respective orbits intersected each other. Certain fragmentary ejaculations would call for the echo of a response—as, for instance, when a human body collided against the Philosopher with some force and a voice burst forth—

"What the deuce place is this?"

"Sir," replied the Philosopher, "I apprehend we are not far from the Styx—a pleasant passage to you!"

But the illusion of an intangible world was oddly interrupted, before the Philosopher had traveled a dozen yards farther, by the sound of a feminine voice close at his elbow—

"Oh, please, can you tell me where I am?"

The philosopher stopped short.

"Not very clearly, I am afraid, madam," he replied.

"I am lost—and am so frightened—I daren't move!"

The voice was far too soft and silvery to belong to a ghost—by no means the vox exigua of a Tartarean Shade—and the Philosopher's heart was touched by its plaintive appeal.

"If I can assist you"—he began.

She caught his arm impulsively.

"Oh, don't leave me!" she cried, in childish panic.

"On no account!" said the Philosopher firmly.

"If I could only find a hansom!"

"We will look for one," he said.

They had instinctively fallen into step together, though they could not see each other. The Philosopher's breast swelled with the sense of a protective mission. He became conscious of a little gloved hand touching his own—the impulse by which his fingers closed over it was, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural one. She did not withdraw her hand; the Philosopher's gentle—almost courtly—tones had inspired her with the confidence of a child in a parent. That she should not regard it as misplaced, he began at once to discourse to her in a soothing manner as they proceeded.

"There are few things," he remarked, "more disconcerting than the moral influence of a fog upon the nerves. We are surround'd even now by numerous people in various stages of agitation. They afford a striking exemplification of the helplessness of human beings in the face of any sudden dislocation of normal natural conditions. Consider if humanity were destined to exist always in such a fog! How would it affect the trend of human progress?"

A tall figure bumped into the Philosopher at this juncture and swung him around to an angle.

"Thus!" he continued, placidly. "Humanity would be perpetually working at a tangent. Advance would be crablike—for a time; but at length human beings would, by a natural principle of habituation, adapt themselves to the new conditions of their existence—and, I doubt not, triumph over them. In such a case a sudden burst of sunlight, of clarified air, would affect them with as singular a consternation as at present is produced upon their senses by this fog. Let us regard it rather as typical of that state of mental atmosphere through which the human mind must forever be groping toward the light, in search of truth. We can rely but upon the lamp of philosophy for our guidance. Philosophy rejects the disturbing influence—"

"Are you, then, a philosopher, sir?" she broke in, little timidly.

"I am," said the Philosopher, proudly. "It has always been my aim to triumph over the accidents of chance. A fog, for instance, does not in any way affect the equilibrium of my mental serenity. Philosophy—in such a climate as this especially—is the state of mind to which it should be the object of every rational person to attain. What matter whether one walks on the pavement or the road? Philosophy scorns the distinction. We cannot see the road, but we know it is there—philosophy rests satisfied with the fact—"

She gave a little cry, and stumbled forward.

"Oh! What's that? I tripped over something—"

The Philosopher drew her back to an upright position.

"It was probably a dog. You should not permit yourself to be startled—you should not indulge the emotions; all the emotions—fear, joy, surprise, anger, love—are destructive of the philosophical attitude of mind."

"Love, too?" she asked, with a pleasing naivete.

"Love especially," he answered. "Philosophy and love cannot exist together. Love is in its very essence antagonistic to the first principles of philosophy. It rests more often than not upon no rational basis whatever. A lover cannot by any conceivable concession be a philosopher."

She made a little grimace, which the Philosopher could not see.

"Philosophy," he continued, tranquilly, "is superior to love; it is independent of the domestic emotions; it—"

"Then you are not married?" she interrupted, softly.

"Married!" exclaimed the Philosopher aghast. "Should I be a philosopher if I were? Marriage is quite destructive of philosophy."

"There was a lady called Xantippe"—she ventured timidly.

The Philosopher was a little taken aback.

"I beg you pardon?" he said.

"Socrates—he was married, you know."

"So he was," observed the Philosopher, thoughtfully. "His wife may be considered to have furnished the supreme test of his philosophy," he added, in a brighter tone.

"Oh, I'm afraid you're a missy—missy—missy—" She stopped, perplexed. "I've forgotten the word. A person who hates women."

"Misogynist?" suggested the Philosopher.

"Thank you. Yes, that's the word. Are you one of those dreadful people?"

"A philosopher hates nothing. Not even women," he replied, indulgently.

"And you prefer your horrid philosophy to—to women?" she demanded with warmth.

"In philosophy," was his passionless rejoinder, "we find truth; but in women—" He paused, reflecting that the conclusion of the sentence might bear an interpretation personally ungratifying to his fair companion. She ruthlessly seized on the implication of the unfinished phrase.

"You mean that all women are false!" she said, dropping his hand.

"I should have satisfied myself with a more negative distinction," he answered. "Pray be careful. There is a curbstone there—"

She stumbled again, then stopped and confronted him nervously.

"This is awful!" she exclaimed. "And there doesn't seem to be a hansom anywhere!" She looked round vaguely at the encircling white wall. "How shall I get home? Shall I ever get home at all?"

"What does it matter whether you get home or not?" asked the Philosopher, calmly.

"Matter? Good gracious! What do you mean?"

"The limitations of place are quite arbitrary. One place is in reality as good as another. To a philosopher all places are 'home'—and, for the matter of that, you can, if you wish it, by a judicious exercise of the faculty of imagination imagine yourself at home now."

"I cannot imagine anything so silly!" she retorted, petulantly.

The Philosopher sighed.

"Have you any idea where we are?" she demanded, shivering.

"I cannot clearly define our precise position," he replied, "but I conceive that we are proceeding in the direction of Chelsea."

"Oh, but I don't want to go to Chelsea!" she cried in alarm. "I want to go to Lancaster Gate! What shall I do?" she added, clasping her hands.

The Philosopher found himself momentarily embarrassed. As far as his own personal inclinations were concerned, it was a circumstance of equal indifference whether he went to Chelsea or Belgravia. But his companion's distress was evident, and, in a measure, he had constituted himself her protector. He felt, therefore, that he must consult her prejudices in the matter of a destination.

"You must be aware," he said, gently, "that no cab driver would take you a dozen yards in this fog. Listen to the sounds around you! They resolve themselves into one vast universal inquiry! In Piccadilly Circus 'buses and cabs were locked together, midstreet, in an inextricable wedge of helpless interrogation. Here—wherever we are, it is little better. The more venturesome of the 'bus drivers are leading their horses. One slipped past us just now. I heard the grate of the wheel on the edge of the pavement. If we were still in the region of shops, we might step in and investigate our locality. As it is—"

"Look, look!" she interrupted. "Call him, quick!"

There was a sudden flare of a torch in front of them and out of the darkness a link boy dashed swiftly past.

"Lucifer—Bearer of Light—stop!" he cried.

The urchin paused, with a grin.

"Call me, guv'nor?"

"I did. If you can spare the time, be good enough to tell me—tell us—where we are."

"Where you are? Why, in Bond street, o' course!"

"Bond street!" repeated the Philosopher.

"Bond street!" echoed his companion, with a gasp of unutterable relief at the familiar home-like sound. "Little boy, stay—don't leave us!"

"Leave yer—well, wot d' yer think, Miss? I've got my bizness ter attend to, too!" retorted the boy, importantly.

"Youth," said the Philosopher, "you are master of the situation—a plebeian Charon controlling the vagrant Shades. I engage your services. If you insist upon going home," he added, turning to his charge, "we cannot do better than follow our Charon to the nether world."

"But this is Bond street!" she exclaimed, still with the ring of relief in her silvery voice.

"I know it—at least I am willing to believe it, since Charon says so. Who better than he can conduct us to the Plutonian Realms—the Subterranean regions of the 'Tube?'"

"The 'Tube?'" she cried. "We are quite close to it!"

"The idea of distance is purely relative," he replied. "When, an hour ago, I left my club, I imagined myself to be quite close to Trafalgar square—yet, in the event, I found myself to be immeasurably far from that historic locality. Boy! lead us instantly to the station called Bond street. Charon shall have his fee."

"The 'Tube,' sir? Yes, I'll take you there—Bond street; it ain't very fur, but the fog is that thick as nobody 'cept a mole could find 'is way six yards afore him without a torch. Five shillin', sir!"

Ten minutes later they paused at the mouth of the Central railway station. The Philosopher paid the link boy five shillings. "On the banks of Phlegethon you will find many others," he said. "Go and search!" Then turning to his companion he motioned her courteously to precede him down the steps.

Together they descended, and, reaching once more a world of light, by a mutual impulse stopped and confronted each other on the threshold of it.

The Philosopher started. Before him he beheld a young girl of the most bewildering loveliness. Her soft blue eyes were directed to his with an expression of timid curiosity, in which there was the dawning blend of a gratitude diffidently conveyed. She, too, started—for she had imagined herself to be in the company of a benevolent and middle-aged gentleman of peculiar, though interesting views, whose protection, paternally offered, a maiden so situated might without loss of maidenly dignity accept.

Instead, she perceived, gazing into her face with an admiration ill concealed, a young and singularly handsome man of 25.

"I fancied, I—I thought you were quite an old man all the time," she faltered, "or, of course—" She broke off with an eloquent blush, and dropped her eyes.

"Facilis descensus Averno—" murmured the Philosopher, still gazing on the half-averted face before him.

"Sed revocare gradum" * * * she replied, darting at him a swift little mischievous glance from under a flickering eyelid.

"What!" exclaimed the Philosopher. "Is it possible that you understand Latin, that you have read Virgil—you?"

"It is a sin, I know," she answered, demurely; "but I do—I have, really. I—I am a philosopher, too. You see, I was at Girton, where they make a study of the emotions," she added, with a little saucy laugh.

For a moment the Philosopher was silent. Then he said:

"Philosophy is like a fog, and the 'twopenny tube' is like the beauty that dispels its fallacies. I renounce my creed. I proclaim a heresy. Philosophy and love are no longer incompatible." He paused to throw out a suggestion. "May they not," he inquired, "continue to walk, hand in hand, side by side, together, through the thick, impenetrable fog, the lonely, inhospitable mists of the distant unknown future?"

But the reply of his companion was lost in the sudden roar of the approaching train.—Emeric Hulme Beaman, in London Sketch.

PREPARING FOR THE STRIKE.

—Minneapolis Journal.

Milwaukee School Boy—"Teachers going on a strike, are they—well, forewarned is rearmed!"

THE BRITISH PEERAGE.

Peculiarities and Perplexities of the Use of Titles Among the Aristocratic Families.

If the British peerage had been specially designed as a puzzle it could hardly have been made more perplexing than it is, even for those who move within its exalted circle. In fact, so confusing is it that a peer might well be excused for having occasional doubts as to his own identity, says a London correspondence of the St. Louis Republic.

If, for instance, one were to call out the name "Lord Grey" to an assembly of the peerage, no fewer than five of our aristocrats would answer to the name; for there are an Earl Grey, a Viscount Grey de Wilton, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, Lord Grey of Groby and an Earl de Grey; while Baron Walsingham is also a De Grey.

The titled Hamiltons are quite as confusing, for are there not a duke of Hamilton, a marquis of Hamilton, two Barons Hamilton, of whom one is the duke of Argyll and the other Viscount Boyne, and a Lord Hamilton of Dalzell; while Hamilton is also the patronymic of the duke of Abercorn and Lords Holmpatrick and Belhaven.

Two of our peers answer to the description of Lord Amherst—Earl Amherst and Lord Amherst of Hackney. There are three Lords Howard; one of Effingham, another of Glossop and the third of Walden. There are two Lords Mar—the earl of Mar and the earl of Mar and Kellie—and so on, until the brain almost reels with the confusion of them all.

And where peers do not bear identical titles, the titles are so similar that none but a peerage expert can always distinguish them. There are a Lord Middleton and a Lord Midleton; a Lord Langford and an earl of Longford; Lords Lilford and Lifford and a Viscount Kynnaird and a Baron Kinnaird. And how is the man in the street to distinguish between the earl of Lindsey and his lordship of Lindsay; between Lord Hampton and Viscount Hampden; Lord L'Isle and Lord de Yisle, or between the earl of Milltown and Viscount Milton?

More difficult to master than the identity of peers bearing the same, or practically the same, titles is the pronunciation of many of the names in our peerage. Why, for example, should the marquis of Abergavenny be known as Abergenny, Lord Stourton as Sturton, Lord De la Warr as Delawar, the marquis of Cholmondeley as Chumley, Earl Beauchamp as Beecham, Lord Farquhar as Farker-er, Lord de Ros as De Roos, Baron Hotham as Hutham, Lord Magheramorne as Lord Marramorn? Lord Powerscourt becomes Poorscort; Lord Poulett is addressed as Paulet; and among aristocratic family names Leveson-Gower is transformed into Looson Gore; Fiennes into Fynes; Foljambe into Fooljam; Dumaresq into Doonierick; Dalzell into De-ell and Colquhoun into Cohoon.

Another curiosity of the peerage which adds to the mystification of the student is the number of foreign titles borne by our nobles—in fact, there is scarcely a country in Europe which has not conferred a title on one or other of our peers. The earl of Newburgh is also an Italian Marquis Bandini, duke of Montdragone, and count of Carniola, and bears the very unEnglish name of Sigismund Nicholas Venantius Gaetano Francis Giustiniani.

The duke of Hamilton is also duke of Chatellerault in France; Lord Reay combines the chieftainship of the Scottish clan Mackay with the title of Baron Mackay of Ophemert, in Holland, and until 1879 was not even a naturalized Englishman. The earl of Perth is duc de Melfort, Comte Lussan and Baron de Valrose in France; and the earl of Clancarty is known to Dutchmen as marquis of Heusden.

The duke of Marlborough is the Suabian prince of Mindelheim and a prince of the Holy Roman empire; Viscount Bridport is duke of Bronte in Italy; the duke of Wellington is a Spanish grandee, prince of Waterloo, a Spanish duke, and a duke, marquis and count of Portugal; and Lord Pirbright is a baron of the Austrian empire.

Few things are more surprising than the large number of so-called names to be found in the peerage. Lord Strathcona and Viscountess Hambleden are Smiths; Robinson is the patronymic of the marquis of Ripon, Earl de Grey and Baron Rosmead; and the Brownes (with an "e") are represented by Lords Sligo, Kilmaine and Kenmare. The late Lord Ranelagh was a Jones; and the famous earl of Liverpool answered to the name of Jenkins.

Among other commonplace names borne by our peers are Pratt, Parker, White, Hay, Cole, Coke, Burns, Dodson, Hogg, Hozier, Wood, Williamson and Wallop.

It is remarkable to what an extent titles run in certain families. The Howards, Douglasses and Stuarts, or Stewarts, claim no fewer than 20 peerages among them; the Stanhopes are represented by three earldoms and there are three noble families of Grosvenor; while even such ordinary names as Parker, Hay and Browne monopolize two marquisites, four earldoms and a barony.

Subdued Applause.

During the earlier days of the reign of Queen Victoria, dramatic performances were given at Windsor castle, under the management of Charles Kean. The audience being limited and stiffly aristocratic, the applause was, naturally, not especially hearty, and the comedians felt the absence of the more demonstrative approval manifested in the regular theater. One evening the queen sent an equerry to Mr. Kean to know if the actors would like anything (meaning refreshments), when the actor replied: "Say to her majesty that we should be grateful for a little applause when the spectators are pleased." Back went the equerry and conveyed the message. At the end of the act there was a slight suggestion of handclapping and exceedingly gentle foot-tapping. James Wallack, who knew nothing of the message sent to the queen, hearing the mild demonstration, pricked up his ears and inquired: "What is that?" Mr. Kean replied: "That, my dear Wallack, is applause." "God bless me!" retorted Wallack. "I thought it was someone shelling peas."—London Chronicle.

By Comparison.

She—It must be awful to be buried alive—squeezed in a coffin and unable to move.

He—Yes, indeed. I tell you, Jane, there are worse places than this flat, if you only stop to think about it.—Judge.

The March of Humanity

By BENJAMIN KIDD, Author of Principles of Western Civilization.

When we look back to the days of primeval man upon this earth—the days when each lived for himself, and every man's hand was against his neighbor — and compare such a state of things with the vast social fabric of the twentieth century of our own era, the mind loses itself in wonder and awe as it thinks of the duration and the strenuousness of the discipline that has alone made the present result possible.

What, we ask, has been the agency at work?

The first requirement was that the individual must be subordinated to the State. This involved a condition of absolute militarism. This condition reached its climax and perfection in the military power of Rome.

The second great requirement—the second lesson man had to learn—was THE SACRIFICE OF THE PRESENT TO THE FUTURE. Only those nations have triumped who have deliberately subordinated the interests of the present to the interests of the future.

The future belongs to the nations who have learned the lesson of self-sacrifice; IT BELONGS TO THE ANGLO-SAXON PEOPLE, provided they remain faithful to the ideal which they are gradually coming to perceive. Almost the first sign that a nation is subordinating the present to the future is a growth of tolerance in its midst, a tolerance so broad as to be intolerant of nothing save what tends to destroy that tolerance. As an example let us look at the religious tolerance of the Anglo-Saxon people of to-day, the result of centuries of fire and sword.

CRITICS WHO ARE SHY.

The Men Who Have Rejected Most of the Best Books Are Not Easily Accessible.

The head of a big Philadelphia publishing house leaned far back in his revolving chair, his feet upon his desk.

"What do you wish?" he asked, as he applied a black cigar to his mouth and gazed at the swirling smoke clouds, with one eye closed, critically. He had just lunched. He was content. It would have been a happy moment to try to sell a novel to him, relates the Philadelphia Record.

But the interviewer only murmured: "I wish to know something about publishers' readers, about those men who examine manuscripts and decide whether they are to be taken or rejected. They are a mysterious class."

"They have to be," said the publisher. "For two reasons they have to be. First, because they are constantly turning down novels that eventually make a tremendous success. Now that is a ludicrous thing for them to do, and if their names were known people would give them the laugh for it on the street, and they would feel ashamed. Second, in this wholesale repudiation of novels they offend bitterly innumerable hot-blooded and revengeful writers. These writers would not hesitate to annoy them if they knew them, would not hesitate even to give them a punch on the nose or a kick. That has happened to publishers' readers before this. I know one man who had a front tooth knocked out by a brick that a young poet, annoyed at the rejection of a sonnet, hurled petulantly. So you see in order not to be laughed at and in order not to be assaulted, publishers' readers go, figuratively speaking, masked.

"The fiction reader for a Boston house pretends that he is a wool salesman. He carries manuscripts to and from his residence in those cylinders of yellow paper that wool salesmen put their samples in. Yet the writers suspect him withal. A short story writer, at a tea, poured a cup of hot chocolate down the back of his neck. She pretended it was accidental, but he had rejected a fairy tale of hers the week before."

"How many readers does the average publishing house employ?"

"About a dozen."

"And through what process does a manuscript—say the manuscript of a novel—go from the time of its receipt to the time of its rejection or acceptance?"

"Well, on its arrival it is entered in a book and given a number. Then it is roughly examined and if it be illiterate it is returned at once to its author, with our polite printed slip of rejection. But modern manuscripts are rarely illiterate; in this age everybody can write; and practically everything submitted to us has some degree of good in it and shows some signs of skill.

"When a manuscript looks promising it gets eight or nine readings. We wish to know what different minds think of it. They always think different things, and the chapter that one reader praises another denounces in strong terms. But out of all that jumble of contradictory opinions the publisher manages, somehow, to hit on what he believes to be the right course, and this he takes, either accepting or rejecting the work, to find not infrequently that his right course has been the wrong one, after all.

"That is nothing, though. Every publisher and every reader habitually makes grave mistakes. Their reputations are smirched and blotted over the rejection of I don't know how many manuscripts that later on have made great hits, like 'David Harum' or 'The Crisis' or 'Trilby.' I said the other day to a young woman whose book we were bringing out:

"'Your work has just one element of weakness; it hasn't been rejected by enough publishers.'

"'Helen's Babies' had 21 rejections. 'Eben Holden' had 37. 'David Harum' had 42. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' had 14. The latest success of a local writer, 'In Search of Ma'm'selle,' by George Gibbs, was rejected six or seven times. To have condemned these notable works is not a piece of professional acumen of which any publisher or reader would be proud. Therefore, these fellows keep their condemnations of well-known books buried deep in their breasts and smile awkwardly when the subject is brought up."

Catgut from Silk-Worms.

Probably but a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the cruel hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silkworms. The principal center of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida in the Bay of Naples, but most of the silkworms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of picking, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly 20 inches.—Science.

Royal Lives Insured.

King Edward VII.'s life is insured for about $3,750,000, while the prince of Wales is contented with $2,500,000. The czar is insured for $1,500,000 and his eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, for $2,500,000, while the czarina's policies amount to $1,250,000. The most heavily insured monarch was the late King Humbert, whose life was valued by himself at $7,500,000, so that the many insurance companies among which the risks were divided were very hard hit by his assassination. The German emperor's insurance also runs into seven figures.—Detroit Free Press.

A City of Men Only.

Maiwatchin, on the border of Russia, is the only city in the world peopled by men only. The Chinese women are not only forbidden to live in this territory, but even to pass the great wall of Kalkan and enter into Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border city are exclusively traders.—N. Y. Sun.

PITH AND POINT.

Many a man who attempts to wear the mantle of greatness is disappointed in the fit.—Chicago Daily News.

Extremes.—"Beautiful Sunshine!" exclaimed the optimist. "Yes," growled the pessimist, "but so blinding!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"The idea of a newspaper calling a hanging a work of art!" "Perhaps it just meant he was finely executed."—Philadelphia North American.

Some people are not afraid of anything because they are bold and others just because they don't know any better.—Washington (O.) Democrat.

"Let's see," said the inexperienced salesman, "the price of that ping-pong set is ten dollars net." "See here!" exclaimed Mrs. Gotrox, "I don't want the price of the net; I want the whole outfit!"—Baltimore Herald.

A Cheerful Giver.—"And aren't you going to give your penny for the poor heathen?" asked the S. S. teacher, reprovingly. "Oh, I s'pose," replied little Bobbie, as he held it out reluctantly, "if you think they need it wurse 'n I do."—Ohio State Journal.

All in the Family.—"I should think Toonitt would start an orchestra in his family." "Why? Are they musical?" "Well, he can certainly blow his own horn, his lazy son fiddles most of his time away, and as for his wife—well, she's the greatest harper you ever saw."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

There are too many people in the world waiting for favorable conditions. Don't do it. While you are hesitating some one else is plowing ahead of you. Wait for nothing; map out a course and pursue it, rain or shine, mud or dust, storm or lull, cold or heat, good times or bad times. Wait for nothing.—Atchison Globe.

GHOSTS IN WESTMINSTER.

Explanation of Two Instances of Apparent Apparitions in the English Palace.

The death of Sir Archibald Milman inevitably revives the stories current a few months ago of the apparition of Lady Milman when she herself was alleged to have met death in a certain corridor in the apartment occupied by her in Speaker's court of the palace of Westminster. The origin of those stories, writes a correspondent, I had from Sir Archibald himself during the last few days of his life. Opening onto the corridor in question there were two doors. One of them was made partly of glass, and, with the rest of the dark corridor behind it, it naturally had much the same effect as a mirror. Anyone coming out of the other door was reflected in this glass door, which was placed in such a relation to the staircase that anyone ascending the stairs would see the reflection before he saw the person reflected. On two or three occasions Lady Milman was going out of her own boudoir when some one going up the staircase saw her reflection, and a moment or two later saw Lady Milman herself, and her approach to the glass door naturally suggested the two figures approaching each other in a somewhat uncanny manner, says the London Chronicle.

The second ghost story was to the effect that Lady Milman's wraith was seen entering the drawing-room while Lady Milman was out. Equally remarkable is the explanation of this fact. Lady Milman is a very tall woman, and her daughters are equally tall. On one occasion a friend entered the house just as she drove up to the door in a carriage. As he ascended the staircase leading to the drawing-room he looked up and saw a very tall woman go quietly three or four steps down the corridor and enter the drawing-room. Looking from below the tall figure suggested very closely that of Lady Milman, who herself entered the drawing-room a moment after the visitor. He had seen Lady Milman, as he thought, precede him, and his surprise was natural when she greeted him from behind. It is out of these two facts, and these two facts alone, that the house of commons, and, indeed, the whole country, was assured that there were ghosts in Westminster.

HOW THE BOERS FIGHT.

From Behind Rocks and Breastworks They Do Deadly Work with Their Rifles.

Having decided upon the positions they intend to occupy or defend, the burghers proceed to dig trenches or erect low stone walls, or "schanzes," as they are called, of loose stones piled up some three feet high; or, if the ground is suitable, they do both, says the Forum. If anything, the latter affords the more effective protection of the two; since not only do these schanzes give almost perfect shelter from rifle fire, but through the interstices between the stones the men are able to watch for the approaching enemy. On the smallest mark being presented, they either use the interstices as loopholes, or else they pop up, aim, fire, and are down again in an almost incredibly short space of time. In this manner they can pick off the advancing soldiers while remaining in almost perfect security themselves. This method of fighting explains to a great extent the extraordinary disproportion in the casualties of Boers and British respectively in most of the important engagements fought during the present war. These schanzes are frequently built in duplicate or even in triplicate; thus enabling the Boers, on being driven back from the first, to retire and continue to fight behind the second and the third. The admirable construction of their trenches has been testified to on more than one occasion by the British generals, notably by Sir Redvers Buller in his dispatches on the operations in Natal.

Altitude of Duck's Flight.

The wild duck, the hawk and the sea gull while in flight over long distances usually remain at an altitude of from 600 to 1,400 feet. If they pass below the level of the highest flying kite of a tandem line the fact is easily discerned by allowing for perspective. The kite measurements are relatively accurate, because during the prolonged flight of thousands of wild ducks the kite string can be hauled in and paid out until the altitude of the ducks is exactly measured by the altitude of the kites.—Nature.